Boston, Oct. 28th, 1863.

Dear Sir,

108 I had the pleasure of a personal introduction to you some years since (at the funeral of my Cousin Miss Catharine Sargent in Poplar street); and I hope this will be a sufficient apology for my writing you to say, I shall send you in a few days, as soon as it is published, a novel from my pen, which (if you ever condescend to this species of literature) I want you to read. It is entitled "Peculiar", and deals with those features of the Peculiar Institution, which the present war has developed in such hideous relief. The attempt to insinuate great, and perhaps, controverted moral truths

through a fiction that shall possess sufficient vitality and interest to bear the burden, is a very hazardous one. Few instances can be named in which it has succeeded. Still, though my critical judgment was adverse to the trial, I have allowed my heart to have its way, and have written a book which I hope may be instrumental in contributing some service, however small, to the great cause for which you have so nobly battled (against much misconstruction and blindness, alas!) so many years.

If, when you get the book, you can find time to read it through, I sincerely hope you will do so; for I shall prize your judgment. The book will be very roundly abused by the Hillards and the Lamb — but is

a foregone conclusion: but I have faith in old Johnson's saying, that a man was never written down except by himself.

I am obliged to you for republishing in the Liberator some two months since, some verses of mine signed E.S., on the death of Col. Shaw. I was gratified the other day by a letter from Mr. J.E. Williams of New York, which says: "Mr. Shaw, (father of the Colonel) was in to see me to-day, and told me that your lines were the first thing that seemed to rouse his wife from her torpor of grief, and give her consolation." I thought that better than a eulogy from any critic of high degree.

Very respectfully Yours,
Geo Sargent

Wm. Lloyd Garrison Esq.
Boston